

WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE

PLANET

JAN.
No. 28

10¢

Comics

THE SPACE RANGERS IN
"SLAVERS OF THE RED STAR"

MARS, GOD OF WAR • AURO
GALE ALLEN • LOST WORLD



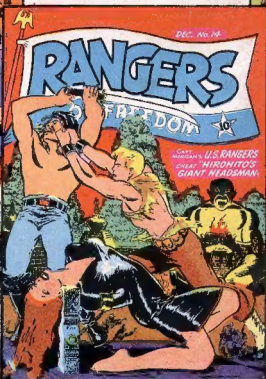
**WHY
GUESS?**

**GET
THE
BEST**



**THE
BIG SIX
OF THE
COMIC MAGAZINES**

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of fast action
and dramatic
adventure**



**LOOK
FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE**

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FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE**

PLANET COMICS, No. 28, Jan., 1944. Published every other month by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc., 461 8th Ave., New York 1, N. Y. T. T. Reed, Pres.; Malvina Rising, Editor. He entered as second-class matter July 8, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1943, by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. \$4.00; Foreign \$4.50. Single copies 10¢ in U. S. For advertising rates: Win. J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 29, MARCH) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND 14 NOV 1943

THE Zest WORLD

by THORNECLIFFE
KERRICK

TWO PEOPLE AND THEIR WOLF DOG, WANDERING THROUGH SHATTERED REMNANTS OF WHAT ONCE WAS EARTH, A GREAT CIVILIZATION DESTROYED BY VOLCANISM, DRIFT TO KENTUCKY ON THE TIDE OF A GREAT FLOOD... IN THE ONCE FAMOUS MAMMOTH CAVE THEY MEET WEIRD ADVENTURE...

CAUGHT IN A MERCILESS FLOOD, LYSSA, HUNT AND LOBO HAVE DRIFTED FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR SLEEP, WHEN AT LAST...

LOOK AHEAD! WE MUST REACH IT, OR WE WILL STARVE.

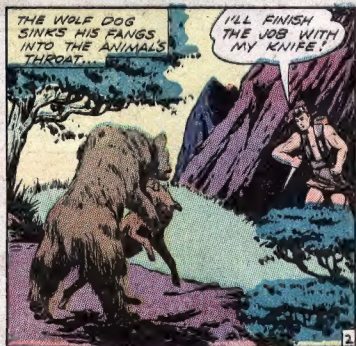


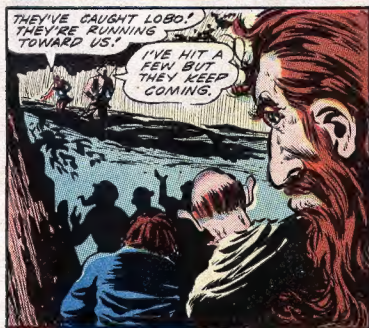
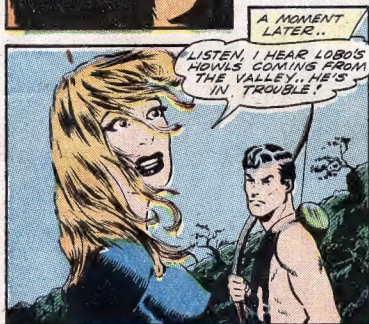
FEVERISHLY THEY GUIDE THEIR LITTLE RAFT TO SHORE.

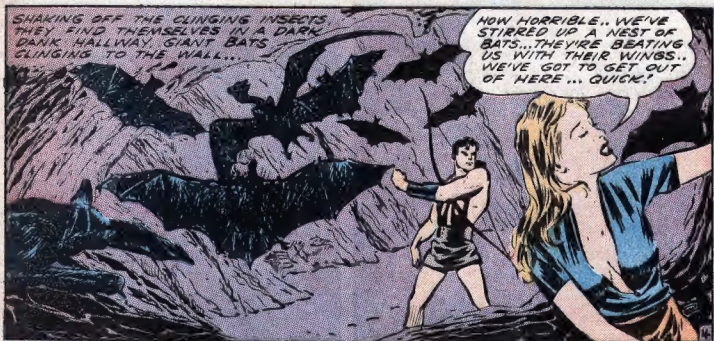
WE HAVE DRIFTED A LONG WAY, HOW WILL WE FIND OUR WAY OUT OF THIS STRANGE PLACE?

PERHAPS FRIENDLY NATIVES WILL HELP US.









ESCAPING FROM THE CHAMBER OF BATS THEY ENTER A ROOM FILLED WITH STRANGE SOUNDS..



LISTEN, LYSSA.. THE ECHO OF OUR VOICES IS CHANGED INTO WEIRD MUSIC!

THEN SUDDENLY, THEY ARE NO LONGER ALONE...



HA.. STRANGERS INVADE OUR CAVE...STUPID FOOLS!

A SLIMY HAIRLESS CREATURE SEIZES LYSSA...



HELP! LET ME GO!

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE..



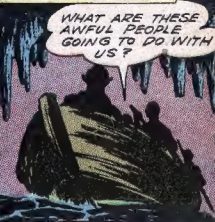
IT'S USELESS TO STRUGGLE, WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OUR STRENGTH.

THEIR CAPTORS LEAD THEM TO TINY BOATS MOORED ON AN UNDERGROUND RIVER..



YOU COME WITH US... HURRY, GET IN BOAT...

AS THEY PADDLE THROUGH DARK CORRIDORS..



WHAT ARE THESE AWFUL PEOPLE GOING TO DO WITH US?



YOU COME FROM OUTSIDE WORLD, KNOW MANY THINGS.. WE MAKE WAR ON RED-BEARDED MEN... YOU HELP US...OR DIE!



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.. WE'LL TRY TO ESCAPE THE FIRST CHANCE WE GET!

MEANWHILE, ABOVE GROUND...

WE HAVE TRAVELLED FAR TRACKING DOWN WHITE MAN AND WOMAN. THE TRAIL ENDS HERE! HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?



YES, YES! WE TRAP THEM IN CAVE! WE HELP YOU, IF YOU HELP US OVERCOME HAIRLESS MEN! BUT WE MUST PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY, WHITE PEOPLE ARMED WITH WONDERFUL WEAPONS!



NEVER FEAR! WE'LL DRIVE THEM OUT WITH THIS TALONIC GAS! GUARD ALL CAVE EXITS AND AWAIT MY SIGNAL!



BELOW..

HUNT! THAT STREAK OF LIGHT...IT MUST BE AN OPENING!

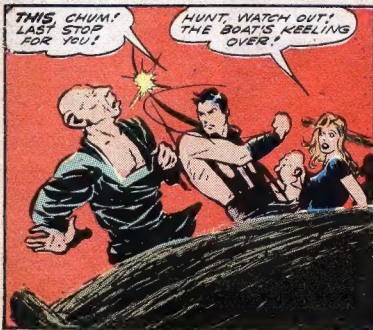
RIGHT! GET READY FOR THE BIG PUSH!

PUSH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



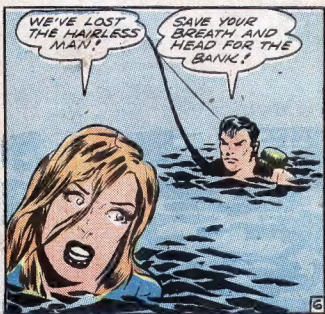
THIS CHUM! LAST STOP FOR YOU!

HUNT, WATCH OUT! THE BOAT'S KEELING OVER!



WE'VE LOST THE HAIRLESS MAN!

SAVE YOUR BREATH AND HEAD FOR THE BANK!





WE MADE IT!

YEH!... BUT SO DID THE HAIRLESS MEN! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US! HEAD FOR THE OPENING!



HUNT! A VOLTAMAN LOOKING DOWN!

QUIET! HE HASN'T SPOTTED US YET IN THE GLOOM!



HAIRLESS MEN AT THE REAR AND VOLTAS AHEAD! I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS SHOT GOOD!

THE DEATH ARROW ZINGS TRUE TO ITS MARK!



AND THE VOLTA BODY CRASHES INTO THE LONG LINE OF HAIRLESS MEN, BOWLING THEM OVER LIKE TEN PINS!



C'MON, NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO REACH THE SURFACE!



HOLY HANNAH, OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE! LOOK.. WE'RE RIGHT IN BETWEEN!

HUNT! WE'RE LOST!



WE HAVE YOU
AT LAST, THIS
TIME YOU WILL
NOT ESCAPE.



THEN
I HEAR A
HOWL.. IT'S
LOBO.. HE'S
ALIVE!



FREE OF HIS CAPTORS THE DOG
RACES TOWARD HIS MASTERS.



HIS POWERFUL JAWS
FASTEN ONTO THE
VOLTA..

TAKE THAT
DOG AWAY..
AAAH!



I HAVE THE
VOLTA'S GUN,
NOW TO
FREE HUNT!



GOT HIM..
QUICK, LOBO,
A RED BEARD
FROM BEHIND!



LOBO ATTACKS..

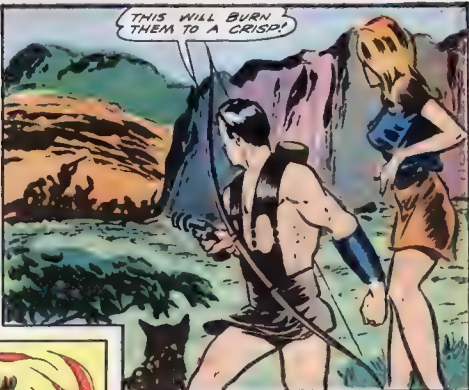
THE HAIRLESS
CAVEMEN ARE
COMING OUT OF
THE GROUND,
WE'D BETTER
GET OUT OF HERE!



THE HAIRLESS MEN ARE
DRIVEN OUT OF THEIR CAVE
BY THE VOLTA'S TALONIC
GAS... RED BEARDS WAIT-
ING FALL INTO BATTLE...



THIS WILL BURN
THEM TO A CRISP!



THEN...

THEY'VE ESCAPED...
AFTER THEM!



CLOSER AND CLOSER...

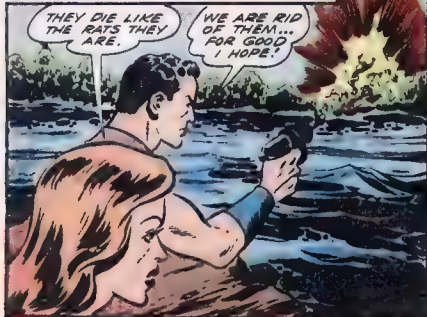
THEY'RE CATCHING
UP... HURRY!



GO THIS
WAY!

WE'RE TRAPPED...
THE FLOOD
WATERS.





HUNT BOWMAN WILL APPEAR
AGAIN IN AN AMAZING
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT
PLANET COMICS!

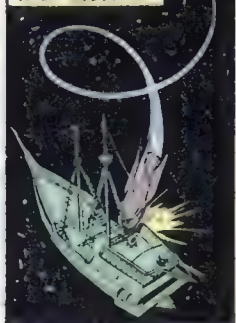
MARS



SOMEWHERE IN SPACE, A
DEFECT SHIP FLOUNDERS,
DIRECTIONLESS...



WHEN SUDDENLY,



UNFORTUNATELY, THE DAMAGED CRAFT BELONGS TO THE FIERCE WAR GOD, MARS...

I'LL TEACH THIS FOOL TO KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!

THIS IS A STRANGE SPACE SHIP... I HAVEN'T SEEN A MODEL LIKE THIS FOR ABOUT FIVE CENTURIES!

HELLO! ANYONE AROUND? WELL WHAT'S THIS?... SOME REMARKABLE CASES OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION! MY LIFE-TOCK WILL COME IN HANDY HERE!

AS HE USES THE AMAZING LIFE RESTORING GADGET, THE FIGURES BEGIN TO MOVE... AND SPEAK.

GUESS WE MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP! WHERE ARE WE?

I WONDER IF THE WAR IS STILL GOING ON!

UM... WAR, EH? I MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE THESE MEN!

PARDON THE INTRUSION, GENTLEMEN... BUT YOU JUST WRECKED MY SHIP, SO I HAVE TO ASK YOUR HELP IN CARRYING OUT A MISSION... WE ARE GOING TO THE PLANET CALLED PAX!

A FEW HOURS LATER, THEY LAND... THE WAR LORD MEETS THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE OF ONE.

SORRY, BUT I CAN USE YOUR BODY AND I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT!

IN THE DISGUISE OF A COUNCILMAN, MARS CALLS A TOWN MEETING.

SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS HAVE ARRIVED ON OUR PLANET... MAY I INTRODUCE THEM TO YOU!

LEONARDO IS THE SPOKESMAN

WE COME TO YOU ACROSS
THE CENTURIES FROM THE
DISTANT LAND OF ITALY
ON EARTH TO TELL YOU
OF A WONDERFUL LIFE!



I WAS AN ITALIAN NOBLE-
MAN, THE FEUDAL LORD OF
A FAMOUS WALLED CITY.
IN MY YOUTH MY ONLY
INTEREST WAS IN WAGING
WAR ON MY NEIGHBORS...



*BUT AS I GREW OLDER SCIENCE
AND INVENTIONS TOOK MY
INTEREST... IT WAS IN MY
LABORATORY THAT I BUILT
THE SPACE GALLEY WHICH
BROUGHT US HERE."



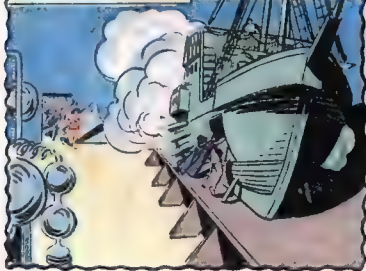
HOWEVER, AT THE SAME TIME A FIERCE FEUDAL BATTLE
RAGED AROUND MY CASTLE.. I SUPPOSED MY VASSALS
WERE WINNING, UNTIL..."



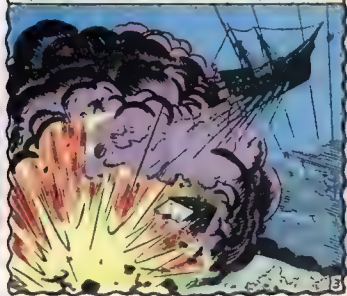
"SUDDENLY A PAGE RUSHED
IN CRYING 'THE DUKE OF
CIANA HAS STORMED THE
WALL.. MOST OF OUR MEN
HAVE BEEN TAKEN!'"

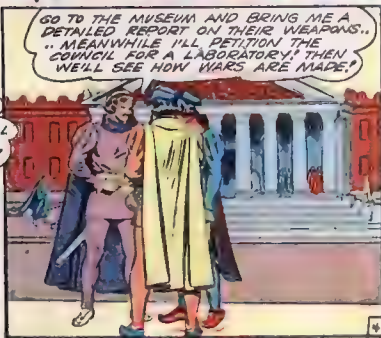
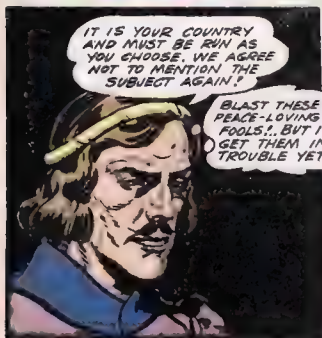
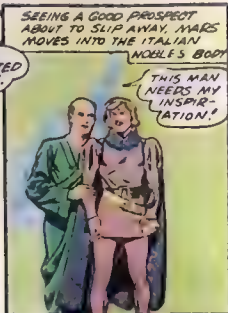
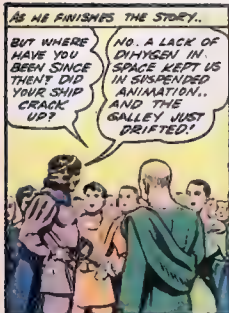


"THIS WAS THE TIME TO TRY MY GREATEST
INVENTION. AFTER TAKING TWO OF MY
BRAVEST GUARDS TO THE SHIP, I LIT
THE EXPELLER..."



"AND WE TOOK OFF, JUST AS CIANA'S
MEN ARRIVED TO KILL US!..."

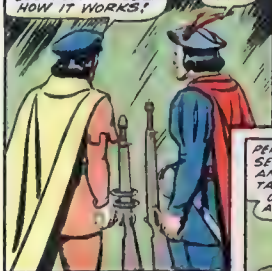




A FEW WEEKS LATER, AT THE MUSEUM

I'M TIRED OF COMING HERE EVERY DAY! LET'S TAKE ONE OF THESE RAY-GUN GADGETS TO THE LAB. THEN LEONARDO CAN SEE FOR HIMSELF HOW IT WORKS!

GOOD IDEA!



MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANETOID OF LANIA, THREE DIPLOMATS TAKE OFF FOR PAX...THE MISSION'S SUCCESS MEANS LIFE OR DEATH TO THEIR PEOPLE...



PERHAPS THE SENATRESS AND I COULD TALK THIS OVER ALONE!

SORRY, BUT MY BROTHER AND I DON'T FIND YOUR COMPANY ENJOYABLE!



BUT... I...

I KNOW YOU'RE USING NEOGEN IN YOUR WORK HERE, AND I'LL DO ANYTHING TO STOP YOU! ...OUR PEOPLE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT THAT ELEMENT!



AND IN LEONARDO'S LAB HE IS APPROACHED BY THIS SPECIAL MISSION...

SIR, WE COME FROM LANIA TO FIND OUT WHY OUR SUPPLY OF NEOGEN HAS NOT BEEN SENT!



SPIRRED ONWARD BY THE SPIRIT OF MARS, LEONARDO REVERTS TO HIS VIOLENT MEDIEVAL METHODS...

THROUGH ANOTHER DOOR

HERE, LEONARDO, THIS IS CALLED A RAY GUN! WE,

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! WE HAVE SOME WORK TO DO!



YOU TWO TAKE CARE OF THE MEN. THE GIRL IS IN MY DEPARTMENT!



SUDDENLY

AND NOW SENATORS
YOU SEE HOW WE
TREAT UNFRIENDLY
U.S. TERS

YOU BEAST?...HELP!
THEY'RE KILLING
MY BROTHER, HELP!
STOP THEM, SOMEONE
STOP... STOP!

"TAKE THEIR BODIES
TO THE TOWN SQUARE
AND LEAVE THEM
WITH THE NOTE AS
WE PLANNED."

YOU ARE FORTUNATE.
"WHAT I LIKE YOU?"
OTHERWISE, YOU'D
BE DEAD WITH THE
OTHERS."

THE DEVIL, I
HATE YOU

NEXT MORNING

LOOK! THE
BODIES OF THE
TWO DIPLOMATS!

AND HERE'S
A NOTE ...
PREPARE FOR
WAR, WE SHALL,
REVENGE OUR DEAD.
THIS LOOKS LIKE
WAR!

WE MUST ACCEPT
THE CHALLENGE
AND FIGHT!

THEY'LL NEVER CALL THE PAXIANS COWARDS!

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM,
MEN! THEY COMMITTED
THOSE TWO MURDERS
UNDER LEONARDO'S ORDERS.
WE MUST RUN THEM
OFF THE PLANET!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE THREE CONSPIRATORS ARE LED TO THE SPACE CATAPULT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN... SUCH A DEATH IS SLOW AND HORRIBLE.

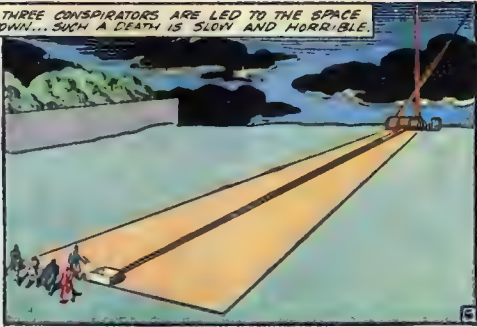
ITS FREE!

Don't Miss This
up-to-the-minute
NEW BOOK

1st AVE OF CHINESE

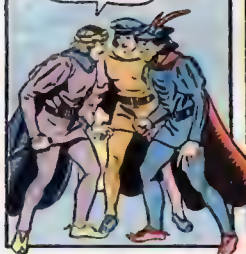
This age of class will be called "the age of the individual" for being interested in the individual in America since by our individualism it is possible to the

Write today — it's FREE
THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY
70 Prospect Ave. Hagerstown, Md.





YOU TWO GO UNPACK ALL THE WEAPONS WHILE I ROUSE THE PEOPLE TO FIGHT... THIS IS OUR CHANCE!



PEOPLE OF PAX, YOUR LEADERS HAVE BEEN WRONG!.. THE LANIANS ARE PREPARING TO ATTACK US AT THIS MOMENT, BUT WE WILL BE READY! GO TO MY LABORATORY, THERE ARE WEAPONS FOR ALL... WE WILL SURPRISE THEM!



WE'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU A RANCIER DEATH COUNCILMAN, BUT THERE ISN'T TIME! HURRY, BOYS.. THAT MOB IS GETTING CLOSER!



LEONARDO MAY BE RIGHT!

HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.

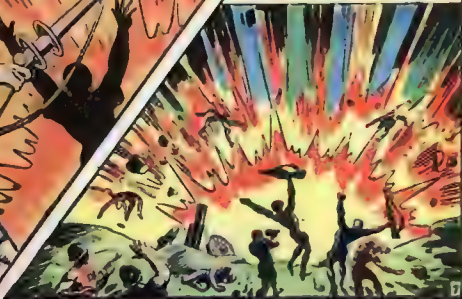


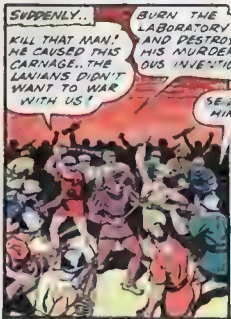
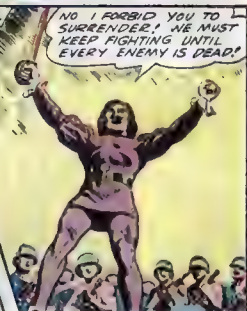
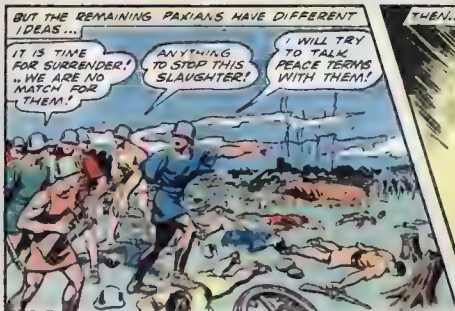
BUT THE SNEAK ATTACK FAILS TO SUCCEED..



UGH!

THE LANIANS PROVE THEY ARE NATURAL WARRIORS...



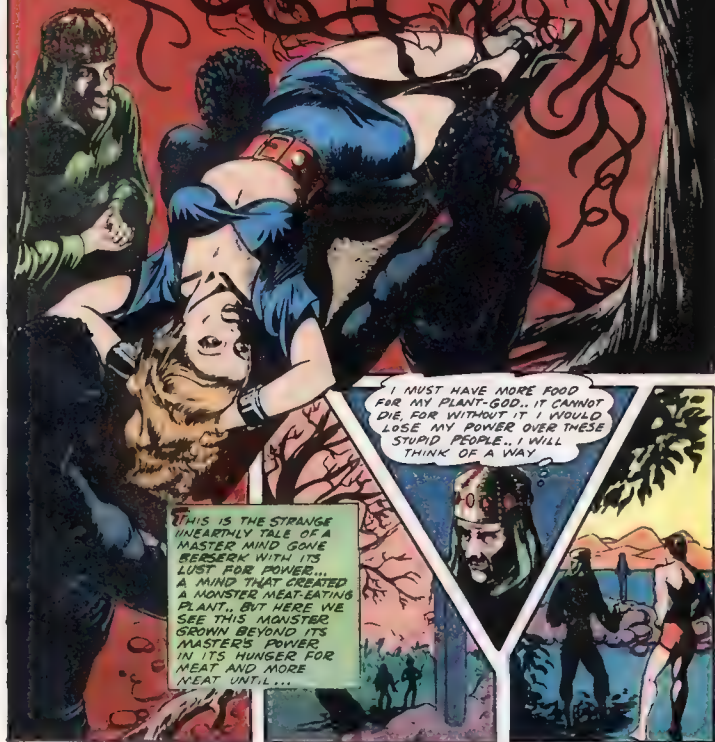


GALE ALLEN

and the

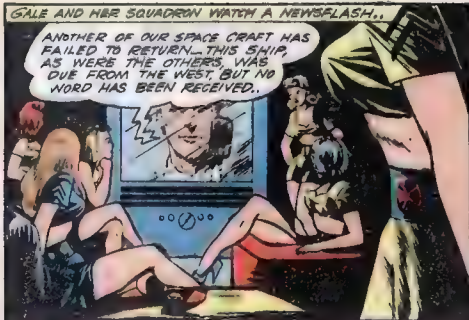
GIRL SQUADRON

By Douglas M. King



GALE AND HER SQUADRON WATCH A NEWSFLASH..

ANOTHER OF OUR SPACE CRAFT HAS FAILED TO RETURN..THIS SHIP, AS WERE THE OTHERS, WAS DUE FROM THE WEST, BUT NO WORD HAS BEEN RECEIVED..



THIS IS THE THIRD SHIP THAT HAS FAILED TO RETURN FROM SKOR THIS WEEK..THERE IS SOMETHING OUT THERE WE CANNOT DETECT..GET READY, GIRLS, WE'RE GOING ON A LITTLE TRIP!



AT THE SPACEPORT..

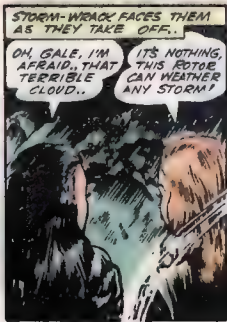
IN THIS NEEDLE IS AN ACID SO POWERFUL, THE SMALLEST DROP WILL KILL ANYTHING IMMEDIATELY. TAKE IT WITH YOU, IT MAY BE A VERY DANGEROUS JOURNEY!



STORM-WRACK FACES THEM AS THEY TAKE OFF..

OH, GALE, I'M AFRAID..THAT TERRIBLE CLOUD..

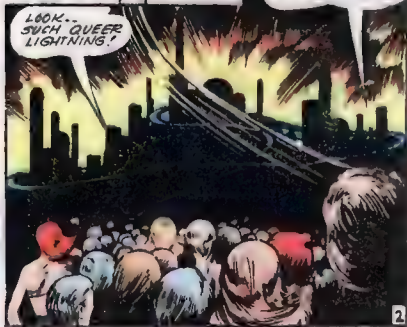
IT'S NOTHING, THIS ROTOR CAN WEATHER ANY STORM!



SPECTATORS WATCH THE ASCENT INTO THE OVERCAST..

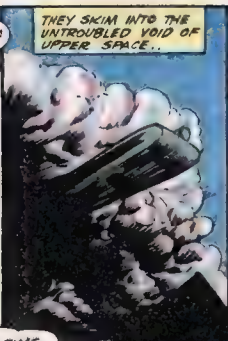
THEY'LL NEVER COME OUT OF IT...WORST MAGNETIC STORM I'VE EVER SEEN!

LOOK...SUCH QUEER LIGHTNING!





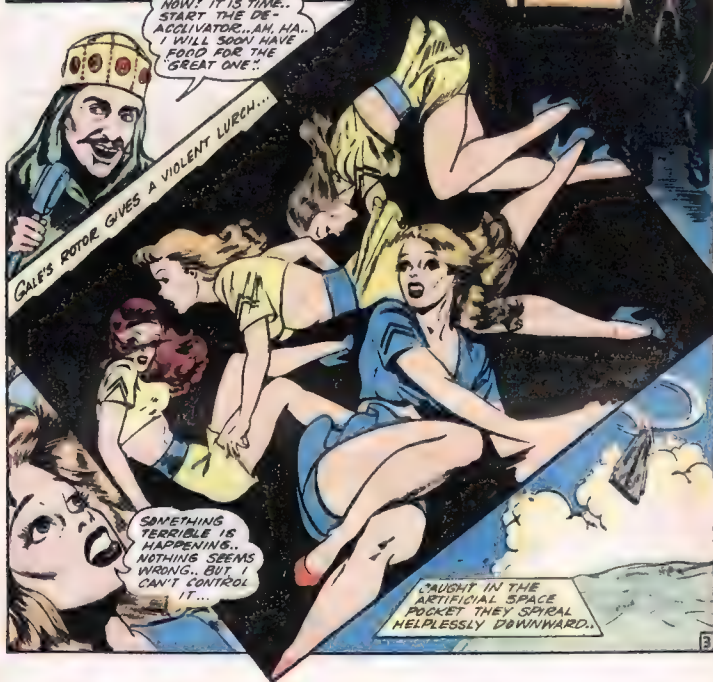
INSIDE THE SHIP.
YOU SEE, THE STORM
DOESN'T TOUCH US
WE ARE AS SAFE
HERE AS IN OUR
BEDS.



THEY SKIM INTO THE
UNTRoubLED VOID OF
UPPER SPACE..



..AND ON A PLANETOID
AHEAD..
WHEN IT IS
DIRECTLY
OVERHEAD
STAND BY TO
BRING IT DOWN!
ROTOR
APPROACHING.
SIR.

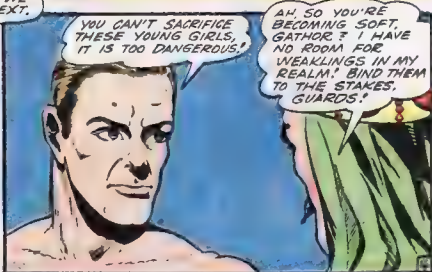
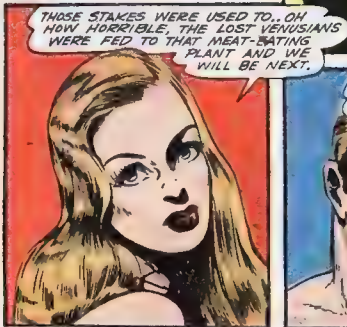
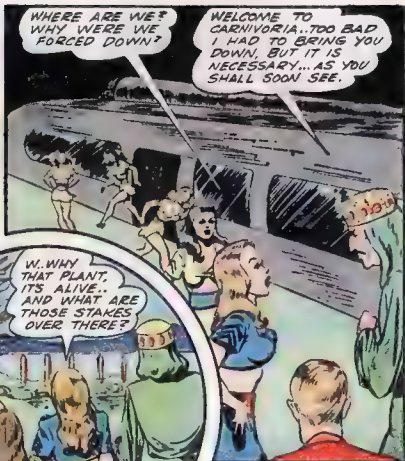


NOW! IT IS TIME..
START THE DE-
ACCLIVATOR.. AH, HA..
I WILL SOON HAVE
FOOD FOR THE
GREAT ONE..

GALE'S ROTOR GIVES A VIOLENT LURCH...

SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IS
HAPPENING..
NOTHING SEEMS
WRONG.. BUT I
CAN'T CONTROL
IT...

CAUGHT IN THE
ARTIFICIAL SPACE
POCKET THEY SPIRAL
HELPLESSLY DOWNWARD..



SOON THE EVIL CEREMONIAL
BEGINS...



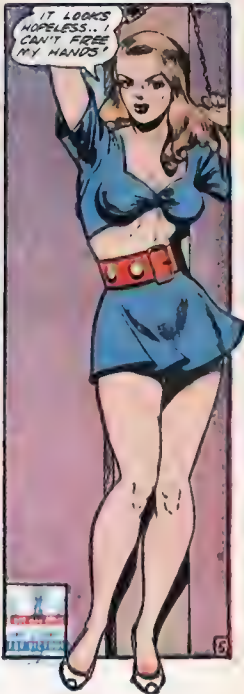
DANCE AND BE HAPPY,
MY PEOPLE, FOR AT
DAWN, WHEN OUR GREAT
ONE AWAKENS WE WILL
OFFER HIM THE FOOD
THAT WILL MAKE HIM
GREATER AND MORE
POWERFUL!



NIGHT HAS FALLEN AND
THE REVELLERS SLEEP...

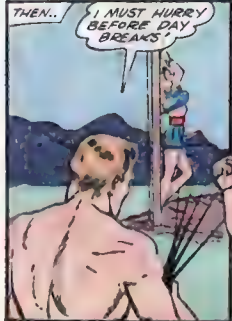


IT LOOKS
HOPELESS.. I
CAN'T FREE
MY HANDS!



THEN..

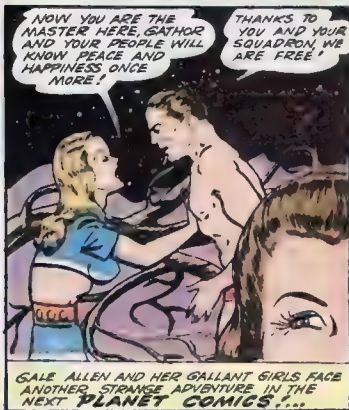
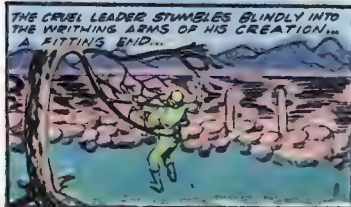
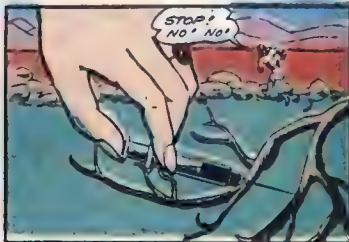
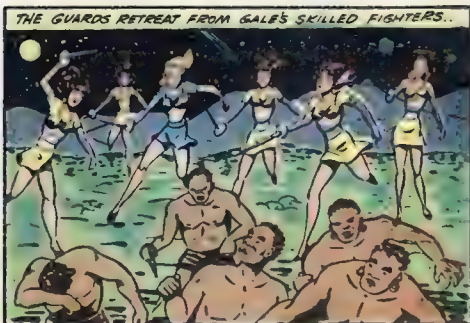
I MUST HURRY
BEFORE DAY
BREAKS!



YOU ARE FREE..
WE MUST ACT
QUICKLY BEFORE
THE GUARDS
RETURN!







Star Pirate

by GEORGE VINCENT



AT A LOCAL BAR ON THE PLANETOID TOK...

YOU KNOW, STAR, IT SEEMS GOOD TO TAKE IT EASY FOR A CHANGE!



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE GOLDEN CREST TRIBE LONG UNFRIENDLY TO STAR ENTERS

I SEEK STAR PIRATE, OUTLAW OF SPACE!

WHAT IS IT, CRESTER?

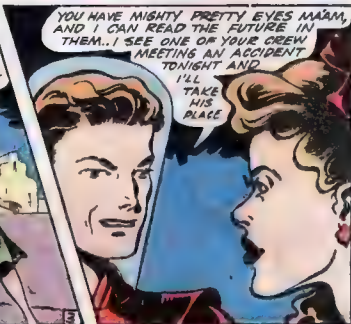
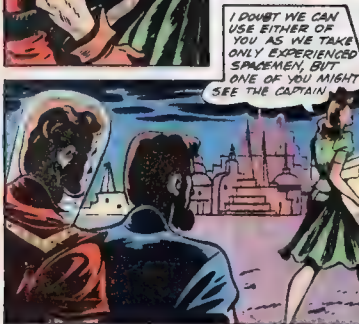


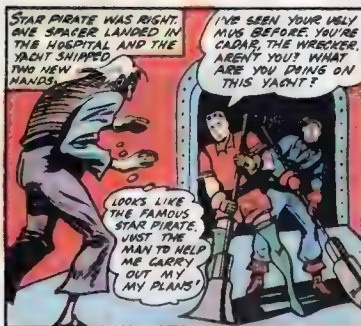


54 Colored 2 1/2x3 Western Star Pictures 30c
25 Colored 5x7 Movie Star Pictures 30c



You may have a set 54 pictures all Cowboys and Cowgirls, 51x2 1/2x3 for 30c, or you may have a set of most Popular Movie Stars, 51x2 1/2x3 for 30c, or both for 80c. All in color. This offer good any time. Bureau Art Studios, Dept. D 7527 N. Richmond St. Chicago



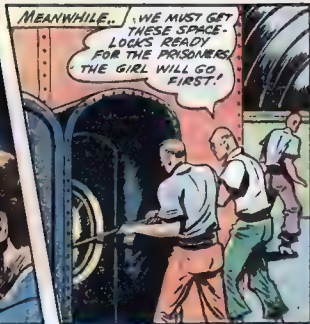




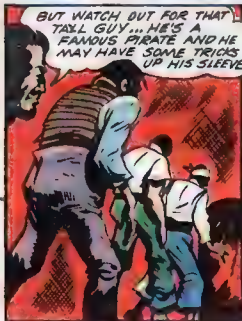
THE MUTINEERS GLOAT OVER THEIR VICTORY...



MEANWHILE... WE MUST GET
THESE SPACE-
LOCKS READY
FOR THE PRISONERS.
THE GIRL WILL GO
FIRST!



BUT WATCH OUT FOR THAT
TALL GUY... HE'S A
FAMOUS PIRATE AND HE
MAY HAVE SOME TRICKS
UP HIS SLEEVE.



IN THE BRIG...

HERE THEY COME,
TRODY, DO YOUR
STUFF!

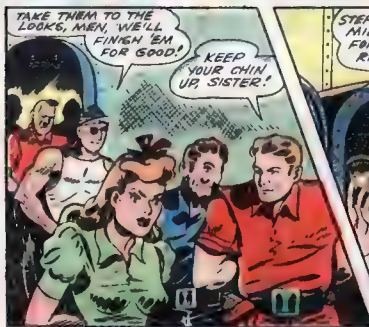


O.K. HANDSOME, WE'RE ON TO
YOU.. I'LL WRAP YOU UP NICE
AND TIGHT SO YOU'LL
STAY OUT OF
TROUBLE!



TAKE THEM TO THE
LOCKS, MEN, WE'LL
FINISH 'EM
FOR GOOD!

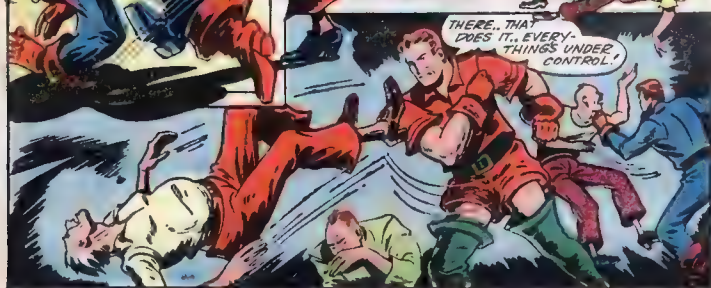
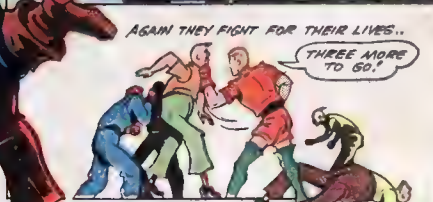
KEEP
YOUR CHIN
UP, SISTER!



STEP RIGHT THIS WAY,
MILADY.. YOU'RE GOING
FOR A NICE LITTLE
RIDE, HEH, HEH!

NOW WHO'S
THE
BOSS?





IN THE PILOT'S CABIN...

WELL HERE GOES, I'VE NEVER RUN ONE OF THESE LUXURY OUTFITS BEFORE.

PLEASE HURRY AND TAKE ME TO MY FATHER!

HOW'S SHE BLASTING, TRODY?

IT'LL GET US THERE.. BUT IT ISN'T LIKE THE VENGEANCE.

APPROACHING EARTH..

MY FIRST SIGHT OF THE HOME PLANET IN TEN YEARS.

AT THE SPACE DOCK..

NOW FOR MY REPRIEVE!

THOSE THIEVES. THEY ABDUCTED MY DAUGHTER... THEY'LL SUFFER.

WAIT, FATHER.. YOU MISUNDERSTAND. STAR PIRATE HAS SAVED MY LIFE AND BROUGHT ME HOME SAFELY!

I'M EX-STAR PIRATE. THE SPACE PATROL HAS OFFERED ME A PARDON!

HOIST YOUR PAWS. STAR PIRATE! WE OFFERED NO PARDON.. SOME BOUNTY HUNTER IS TRYING TO CLAIM A REWARD.

HOIST YOUR OWN PAWS, OFFICER.. STAR SAVED MY LIFE AND I WON'T LET HIM ROT IN ONE OF YOUR FILTHY PRISONS.. TAKE MY YACHT, STAR!

STAR AND TRODY WASTE NO TIME..

I LIKED THAT GIRL, TRODY.. SOME DAY WE'LL RETURN HER SHIP!

THE FEARLESS STAR PIRATE AND HIS PAL TRODY IN ANOTHER HECTIC ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PLANET COMICS**.

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

CAN THE CREATURES OF SPACE ENSLAVE US?

by Prof. THEOBALD PARKER



SCIENTISTS and laymen alike have been searching for an answer. An answer to this burning question. Does life exist on Mars?

Almost all, until recently, have fallen into the obvious and false belief that if such life does exist, it would be patterned after our own. But if we once realize that there is absolutely no reason for the belief that Martians have to follow our same body structure, we have successfully overcome the major obstacle to clear thinking.

Mars is the nearest of all planets, for at certain favorable periods, it is only the comparatively short distance of forty-eight million miles away. The thin air, the absence of clouds, all tend to make this planet an easy target to

sight, and it will be toward this uncharted world that the first space ships will set their course.

What will these pioneer explorers find when they land on the great red sands of Mars? As they walk about in oxygen-filled suits, what vegetation will they find? And what about climate, pressure? And, most important of all, what will the Martian look like?

Because of thin atmosphere, the typical Martian is likely to have a short, stocky body, shaped like a barrel, with a large chest holding lungs of tremendous air capacity. Gravity pull there is only one-third as much as on Earth. On Mars, we could jump thirty or forty feet with ease . . . and carry a five hundred pound load with no strain. But the Mar-

tian's muscles would be smaller, much smaller than ours, and in proportion, they would have no more strength than we have now.

The average mean temperature is quite cold, for if the Earth were as distant from the Sun as Mars, its average temperature, instead of being sixty degrees, as it is now, would be about forty degrees below zero. Since the atmosphere of Mars is much thinner than that of the Earth, it seems very probable that the average conditions there will range far colder than forty degrees below.

Because of this climactic condition, the Martian will have either a heavily furred, or scaled, body, perhaps a combination of both. This covering will afford protection against both the tem-



perature and the heavy sandstorms that range across the planet. And because of the sand, their feet will be splayed, much as those of a camel. The hands, naturally, webbed and leathery, so as to enable them to dig and scoop up the reddish colored sand, for that will be their main source of food. Here on Earth we have an abundance of green plants supplying carbon, and this is the main source of our energy. But on Mars there is no vegetation, and brick-colored sand covers the surface. Undoubtedly the Martian food base is of the crystal, silicate type, so as to allow them to gather strength from the small red particles. No teeth will be needed to eat and absorb this unpalatable food, so the mouth will be nothing but a large orifice for the admission of life-giving substances.

The thin air brings up another

interesting point. Because of the cold, the Martians will live in large community caves, burrowed or chipped in under the planet's crust. Inside, darkness will reign supreme. And to gather all the available light, their eyes will be faceted, as those of a fly, with transparent nictilian eyelids (an extra covering below the main lid) to protect their eyes from glaring red and biting sand, and at the same time, afford clear vision.

Sound, naturally, travels slower and with less volume in thin tenuous air, so evolution has provided the Martians with other and perhaps better means of communications. Many possibilities come to mind. A long antennae atop the odd shaped head, acutely attuned to pick up sound miles distant . . . a lung "sounding board" with which web shaped hands could pound out signals . . . and last of all, the

strongest possibility of all . . . telepathy.

This last appears the most logical for this reason. Mars is an older world, an older civilization than ours. Thousands upon thousands of years ago their civilization was at its full power. What advancements, what accomplishments, were reached at that time we may never know, for today Mars is a decadent world, definitely on the down path. Evolution is having its inexorable way. But it is reasonable to assume that telepathy was one of their highly developed skills, and was one of the secrets handed down to succeeding generations, principally because of the difficulty of communication. If such is the case Earthmen will finally solve one of the great mysteries of the mind.

The Martians' life, at best, will be a dreary one. Most pleasure will center below the ground

Where warmer climes prevail. Virtually no one will stay above ground for any length of time, for their only excuse to leave would be foraging parties collecting large supplies of the necessary sand. The lack of clouds, with the resulting lack of moisture, the thin air, and the extremes of cold and heat will make them virtual prisoners in their crudely built caves.

Their clocks must operate on a similar principle as ours, for their day is twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes long, just slightly longer than ours. There, the seasons are roughly divided as on Earth. That is, Summer, Fall, etc. But the difference lies in the length of each season. On Mars, they are almost twice as long.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the wide canals seen through our large telescopes, but until either bigger and better scopes are built, or the mystery of space travel is solved, we will have to be content to sift out these various ideas, and choose what appears to be the best.

These strips, or canals, are of uniform length, and often two or three thousand miles in length. One theory claims that the canals are masses of vegetation, built along the banks by beings of a high order of intelligence. This

theory would meet ready response with the uninformed layman. But under the cold, glaring light of the trained scientist and analyst, it falls apart at the seams.

The one theory that does not seem to stand up under the acid test is this: Mars has large white polar caps. All winter, and part of the Fall, they are frozen immobile masses. But when the warm weather sets in, they start to melt. Century after century, with torrents of water rushing across the planet, must have dug these giant canals. And another important thing. This explanation accounts for the fact that the canals change in size and appearance during the various seasons, for in the Winter the canals would contract, and in the Summer, would swell in size with rushing water.

Many attempts have been made to communicate with the Martians, principally via radio. In fact, not so long ago a major radio station attempted to reach the planet with a large battery of powerful lights blinked on and off in various signals. As far as we know, no signs have been received. Certainly we have not been able to detect any return signal. But it seems that part of this trial was based on the fact that the Martian today is at a higher civilization peak than us.

Therein lies the weakness, for all signs tend to prove that the Martians have passed their peak, and today are at a lower level than we here on Earth. If we accept this fact, all becomes clear.

All through their strange history, the Martians have been a warlike nation, similar to some countries here on Earth. Primarily living conditions have been the cause of this disease, with what pleasure and food there is available going to the strong.

When the first space explorers do set foot on this new world, they must be prepared for a concerted attack by strange men, using strange weapons. It may even be that the first ships to reach there may never return.

But because the Martians are a declining civilization, succeeding space ships, with knowledge gained through failure, will eventually make peace with the Martian War Lords, much as the first Explorers of America did with the Indians.

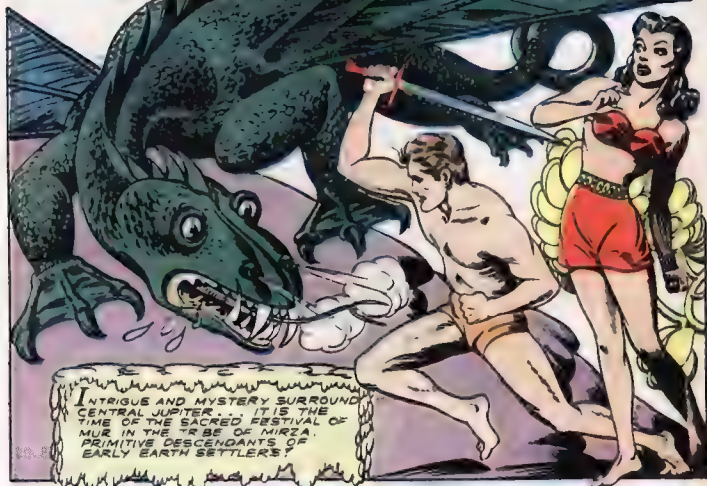
To sum up: We have a good description of the terrain, a good idea of climatic conditions, and a well drawn picture of the typical Martian. Some day, in the comparatively near future, space ships may return with proof to back up this theoretical conception of a Martian.

**Another Thrilling FUTURE-FACT
Article In The Next Issue Of
PLANET COMICS!**

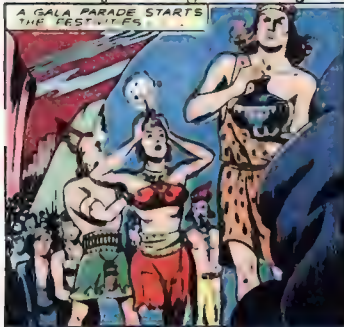
AURO

LORD OF JUPITER

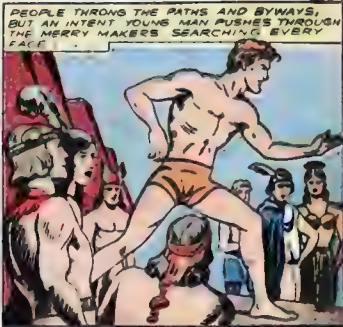
John Charles



A GALA PARADE STARTS THE FESTIVITIES



PEOPLE THROUGH THE PATHS AND BYWAYS, BUT AN INTENT YOUNG MAN PUSHES THROUGH THE MERRY MAKERS SEARCHING EVERY FACE





HELLO THERE, TRON!...WHAT'S THE MATTER?... WHY SO JUMPY?

OH...IT'S YOU, AURO? I THOUGHT IT WAS...

SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MURDER ME! I'M NOT SAFE ANYWHERE!... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, AURO!

WHO?...SPEAK UP, MAN! I NEVER SAW YOU AFRAID BEFORE!

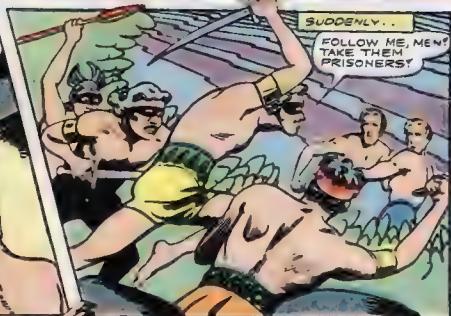
YOU SEE, I'M IN LOVE WITH MIRZA'S SISTER, BUT BY TRIBAL LAW SHE WILL BE FORCED TO MARRY THE MAN WHO WINS THE ATHLETIC CONTESTS TO-MORROW!

YOU CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!



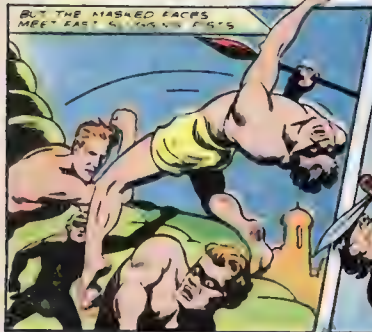
BUT I DO! LAST WEEK THESE UNKNOWN INVOLVED ME IN A DUEL... MY RIGHT ARM IS SPASS!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY...

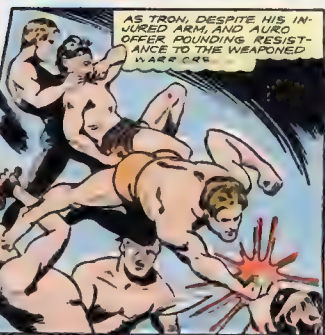


SUDDENLY...

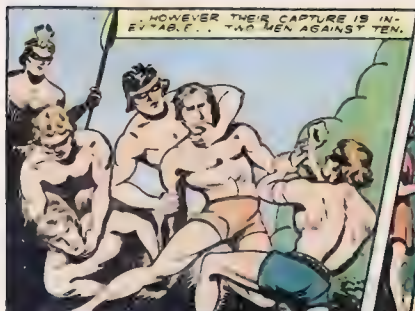
FOLLOW ME, MEN! TAKE THEM PRISONERS!



BUT THE MASKED FACES MEET FAST & FURIOUS!



AS TRON, DESPITE HIS INJURED ARM, AND AURO OFFER POUNDING RESISTANCE TO THE WEAPONED WARRORS...



HOWEVER THEIR CAPTURE IS INEVITABLE... TWO MEN AGAINST TEN.



SOON, THEY FIND THEMSELVES PRISONERS IN A STRANGE VILLAGE.

PST, TRON... DO SOMETHING TO ATTRACT THE GUARD'S ATTENTION?



THE LORD OF JUPITER SUMMONS ALL HIS STRENGTH...



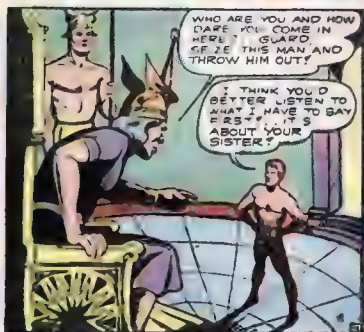
THEN...

THIS COMES STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER PALS... I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, TRON?

I'M HEADING FOR THE MIRZA'S HANGOUT. TRON? YOU WAIT FOR ME AT THE RILIRA. AND DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU!

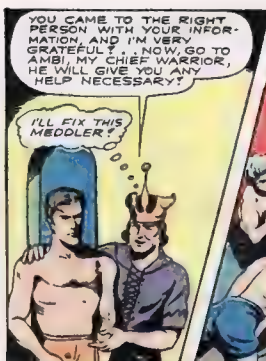


AURO DOESN'T EVEN WALKEN HIS PALE AS HE APPROACHES THE MIRZA'S OFFICE GUARD



WHO ARE YOU AND HOW DARE YOU COME IN HERE? GUARD, SEIZE THIS MAN AND THROW HIM OUT!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY FIRST... IT'S ABOUT YOUR SISTER!





WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

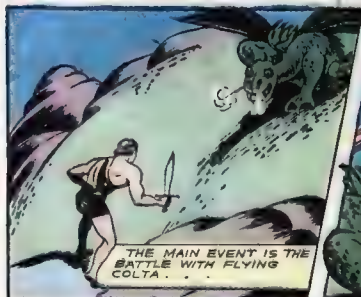
I WAS LOOKING FOR JANA AS HER FRIEND TRON IS IN TROUBLE! CAN YOU HELP ME GET OUT OF HERE?

I AM JANA! I'LL HELP YOU... WAIT?

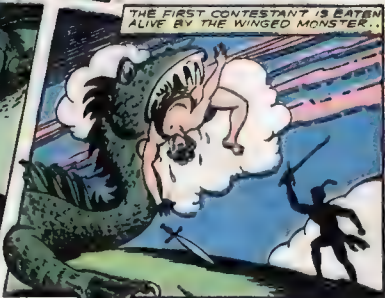
A FEW HOURS LATER, HAVING ESCAPED, AURO AND TRON ARE SAFE IN THE CONTEST TENT.

IF JANA HADN'T BELIEVED ME, I'D STILL BE A PRISONER! NOW, TRON, FOLLOW THE PLAN I'VE OUT-LINED AND STAY HERE!

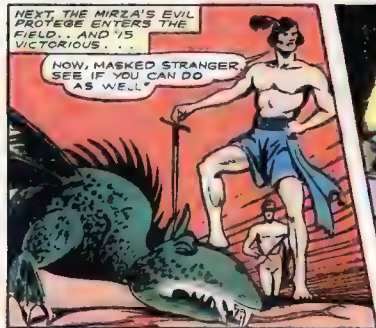
RIGHTY!



THE MAIN EVENT IS THE BATTLE WITH FLYING COLTA.



THE FIRST CONTESTANT IS EATEN ALIVE BY THE WINGED MONSTER..



NEXT, THE MIRZA'S EVIL PROTEGE ENTERS THE FIELD.. AND 'IS VICTORIOUS. . .

NOW, MASKED STRANGER, SEE IF YOU CAN DO AS WELL!



ANOTHER BEAST IS LOOSED.. AND IT IS AURO'S TURN!

AFTER A MIGHTY STRUGGLE OF BEATING WINGS AND SINGING STEEL AURO IS VICTOR...



THUS, A DUEL BETWEEN THE TWO WINNERS IS DEMANDED...

WE'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU!

WHY, I... AH... HH?



MISTAKING AURO FOR TRON, THE MIRZA JUMPS DOWN TO CHALLENGE HIM...

NOW, YOU WILL HAVE TO FIGHT ME... THE BEST SWORDS-MAN OF ALL JUPITER!

WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT!



THE ROYAL RULER IS DEFEATED, BUT AURO TOO COLLAPSES BEFORE JANA CAN PROCLAIM HIM



TAKE ME TO MY TENT!



THEN...

HERE, TRON, TAKE THIS SWORD AND CLAIM YOUR QUEEN!

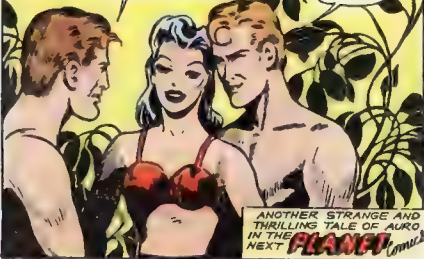
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH, AURO!



LATER...

AND SOMEDAY, WHEN I HAVE AN INJURED ARM, I'LL EXPECT TRON TO FIGHT IN A CONTEST FOR ME!

YOU BET I WILL!



ANOTHER STRANGE AND THRILLING TALE OF AURO IN THE NEXT **PLANET** comic!

NORGE BENSON

UNHEALTHY FULLY
AIR-CONDITIONED

FROSTING, BORED WITH MON-
OTONY ON PLUTO HAS
STOLEN AWAY TO ENJOY SUB-
ZERO SWIMMING OFF THE
GLASSBERG OF EO...WHERE
NOBODY DARES GO, BECAUSE
NO ONE WHO EVER DID GO
LIVED TO TELL THE TALE...

UGGLE!

SUDDENLY SOME
UNDERWATER FORCE
SUCKS HIM DOWN!

UGGLE??

... AND
FROSTING HAS NO
DOUBT MET THE
FATE OF ALL WHO
APPROACH THE
GLASSBERG OF
EO!

GLUB
GLUB
GLUB
GLUB

L. Rens

AROUND DINNERTIME, NORGE AND JOLIE MISS HIM..

HMM.. HE'S NOT UNDER THE TABLE..

EO!

EO!

EO!

EO!

WE RUN THE TRAP SELF..

HE WENT TOWARD EO! BUT I WARNED HIM..

HAVE YOU SEEN...

HAVE YOU SEEN FROSTING?

35

AROUND DINNERTIME, NORGE AND JOLIE MISS HIM..

HMM..HE'S NOT UNDER THE TABLE ..

? ? ? ? ?

EO! EO! EO!

HAVE YOU SEEN FROSTING?

WE WENT TOWARD EO! BUT I WARNED HIM..

HAVE YOU SEEN... EO!

WHY RUN THE TRAP SELF

AROUND DINNERTIME, NORGE AND JOLIE MISS HIM..

HMM..HE'S NOT UNDER THE TABLE..

? ? ? ? ?

EO!

WE RAN THE TRAP SELF

HAVE YOU SEEN FROSTING?

HE WENT TOWARD EO! BUT I WARNED HIM..

HAVE YOU SEEN...

EO!

EO!

AROUND DINNERTIME, NORGE AND JOLIE MISS HIM..

HMM..HE'S NOT UNDER THE TABLE..

EO!

WE RUN THE TRAP SELF

HAVE YOU SEEN...

EO!

EO!

EO!

EO!

AROUND DINNERTIME, NORGE AND JOLIE MISS HIM..

HMM..HE'S NOT UNDER THE TABLE..

EO!

EO!

EO!

EO!

WE RUN THE TRAP SELF..

HAVE YOU SEEN FROSTING?

HAVE YOU SEEN...

HE WENT TOWARD EO! BUT I WARNED HIM..

AROUND DINNERTIME, NORGE AND JOLIE MISS HIM..

HMM..HE'S NOT UNDER THE TABLE ..

? ? ? ? ?

EO!

EO!

EO!

WE RUN THE TRAP SET

HAVE YOU SEEN FROSTING?

HE WENT TOWARD EO! BUT I WARNED HIM..

HAVE YOU SEEN...

EO!

Panel 10 shows the rocket ship being launched. Norse and Jolie are on the ground, looking up in shock. Norse says, "MIGHT INTO COME OUR-S." and Jolie says, "...AN' ALL FER ONE OVERSTUFFED BEAR!"

Panel 10 shows the rocket ship being launched. Norse and Jolie are on the ground, looking up in shock. Norse says, "MIGHT INTO COME OUR-S." and Jolie says, "...AN' ALL FER ONE OVERSTUFFED BEAR!".

STOP!

SO!

WORRIED BY FROSTING'S POSSIBLE FATE, NORSE AND JOLIE GET OUT THE SLEIGH RUNNERS OF THEIR SMALL ROCKET SHIP...

MIGHT INTO COME OUR-S.

..AN' ALL FER ONE OVERSTUFFED BEAR!

ANXIOUSLY THEY SKIM OVER ICE AND SNOW, EO BOUND...

THERE! YOU CAN SEE THE GLASSBERG...

BRRR!

ANXIOUSLY THEY SKIM OVER ICE AND SNOW, EO BOUND...

THERE! YOU CAN SEE THE GLASSBERG...

BRRR!

ANXIOUSLY THEY SKIM OVER ICE AND SNOW, EO BOUND...

THERE! YOU CAN SEE THE GLASSBERG...

BRRR!

1. IF I C.C. COULD S.S. STOP SH. SHIVERIN' I LONG ENOUGH, W.W. M. MIGHT L. LOOK F. FOR THE EN-ENTRANCE!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BERG, TWO STRANGE CREATURES INSPECT A NEGATIVE...

WE CANNOT DO MUCH WITH THE BRAIN OF THE BEAR, SINCE HE HAS NONE! OUR NEW WHITE-APES MAN MUST WAIT FOR LIFE, UNTIL WE FIND A HUMAN WHOSE BRAIN WE CAN USE... AND WHEN WE HAVE AN ARMY OF WHITE APES, PLUTO IS OURS!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BERG, TWO STRANGE CREATURES INSPECT A NEGATIVE...

WE CANNOT DO MUCH WITH THE BRAIN OF THE BEAR, SINCE HE HAS NONE! OUR NEW WHITE-APES MAN MUST WAIT FOR LIFE, UNTIL WE FIND A HUMAN WHOSE BRAIN WE CAN USE... AND WHEN WE HAVE AN ARMY OF WHITE APES, PLUTO IS OURS!

SUDDENLY THE ASSISTANT PERKS UP HIS EARS...

HO, EO MASTER! A STRANGER TREADS THE CATWALK... I HEAR THE SIGNAL!



SUDDENLY THE ASSISTANT PERKS UP HIS EARS...

HO, EO MASTER! A STRANGER TREADS THE CATWALK... I HEAR THE SIGNAL!



DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO
OPEN A TRAP DOOR
IN THREE EASY
LESSONS..

NORGE!
YOU'RE
FALLING

SAVE YOURSELF!
BUT DON'T GRAB
THE LEVER!
IT'S CHARGED!

I'M
FALLING
TOO!

AH...A HUMAN
JUST WHAT
WE NEED!

WHADDYA
MEAN
NEED?

OH!
HELP!

ATTACK-
ING ONE
OF
THE APE-
MONSTERS,
WATRACK
CRASHES
INTO AN ICY
WALL, WHERE
HIS ANTLERS
HOLD HIM
HELPLESS!

WHAT, MAY I ASK,
IS THAT AWKWARD
CREATURE? IT
APPEARS USELESS
FOR ANY OF OUR
PURPOSES... EXCEPT
MAYBE TO EAT...
HMMM..

YOUR BRAIN, TRANS-
PLANTED INTO ONE OF
MY WHITE APE MEN..
AND..

LIKE
FUN!

N..NORGE!
THEY'RE
G.CRAZY!



FRANTICALLY, NORGE TRIES TO PULL FROSTING LOOSE.. WHILE HE IS THUS ENGAGED, TWO MONSTROUS WHITE CREATURES STALK UP BEHIND THEM...

OH!
NO!

AH... SOON I WILL HAVE AN ARMY OF WHITE MAN-APES, WHO THRIVE ON THIS CLIMATE, WHO HAVE APE STRENGTH... WITH MEN'S MINDS! JUST A FEW SMALL INJECTIONS AND OUR BRAIN WILL EXIST IN THESE NEW CREATURES I HAVE FORMED. THEN... THE UNIVERSE IS MINE!

OH! NORGE!
FROSTING'S ON
THAT ICE SLAB!

THEY'VE
KILLED
HIM!

AH.. NO! WE
ARE MERELY
"PRESERVING"
HIM FOR FUTURE
USE!

BUT THIS BAG
OF BONES... I
CANNOT DO
MUCH WITH
HIM... THE
BEAR MAKES
BETTER
EATING!

IZZAT SO?!
AND HE'S
A DEER..
NOT A
BAG O'
BONES!



THE FLOOR HEAVES
BENEATH THEM, AND
THEY ARE TOSSED
ABOUT LIKE SHELLS..

SHORT CIRCUIT!
OUR GLASSBERG
IS DISINTEGRATING!

..AND THE GLASSBERG
OF EO SETTLES
FOREVER INTO THE
SEA..

QUICK, NORGE..
OVER TO OUR
ROCKET SHIP!

I CAN JUST SEE ALL
PLUTO BELIEVING
ME WHEN I TELL
THEM WHAT
HAPPENED!

HATRACK! DO
SOME PULLING
YOURSELF..HELP
ME GET YOUR
ANTLERS FREE!

UMM... SUCH A
DEE-LICIOUS
DREAM...
PENGUIN
PIE!

FROSTING
WAKE
UP!

QUICK!..
INTO THE
SEA!

SUCH A
NICE
DREAM!

EO MASTER, SAVE
US! YOU NEVER
TAUGHT US HOW
TO SWIM!

I...UG
GLUBBLE!

I AM TOO A HERO.
IF NOT FOR ME
WANTIN' TO GO
SWIMMIN' IN THE
FIRST PLACE
THIS NEVER
WOULDE HAPPENED!

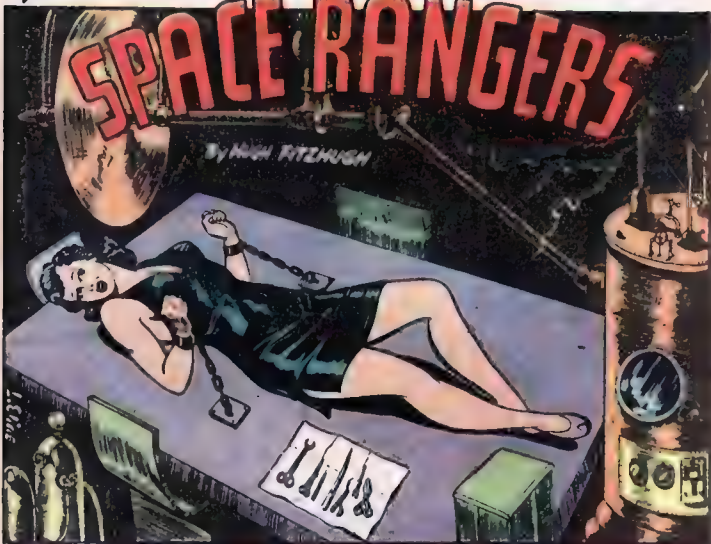
SMALL LOSS.. ALL
OB ACCOUND OB
YOU I HAB A COLD.
.. ACHOO!

BUY BONDS OF FREEDOM
TO STRANGLE THE
AXIS !!!

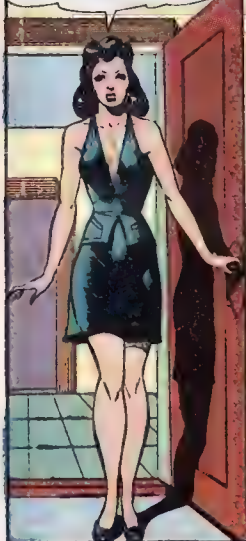
Flint BAKER and Reef RYAN

SPACE RANGERS

By HIGH FIVEHUSH



THANK YOU! I'M ALICIA BROWN.. AND IT'S ABOUT MY FIANCE, GORDON BLACKTHORNE. HE'S LONG OVERDUE FROM HIS SPACE EXPLORATION TRIP! HE.. HE'S DISAPPEARED!



I'VE GOT A COPY OF HIS CHARTED MAP AND I'M POSITIVE HE'S ALIVE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP!



HMM, I SEE.. OH, FLINT STEP OVER HERE FOR A SECOND WILL YOU?



PROBABLY NOTHING, BUT IT MIGHT BE BEST TO HUMOR HER!

SURE THING! AND AT THE SAME TIME WE'LL CHECK UP ON SPACE STATION K-7!



SOON..

DON'T WORRY, KIDDO... WE'LL FIND THAT BOY-FRIEND OF YOURS!



HOURS LATER..

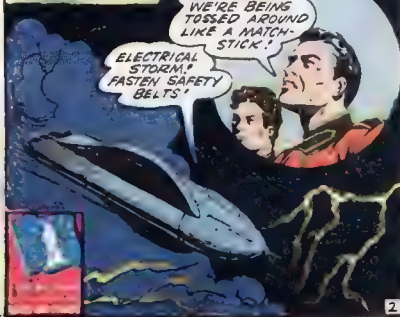
WE'RE NEARING THE VICINITY OF YOUR BOY FRIEND'S LAST RADIO MESSAGE. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

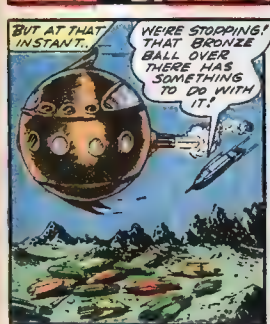
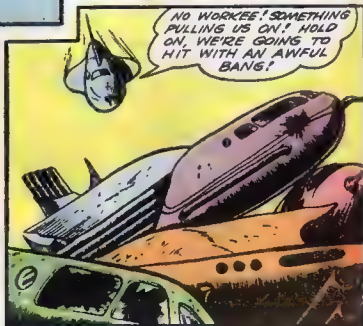


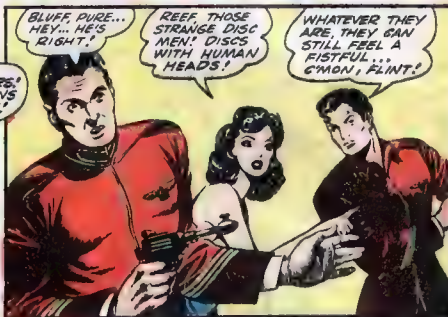
SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...

CONTROLS ON THE BLINK.. WE'RE BEING TOSSED AROUND LIKE A MATCH-STICK!

ELECTRICAL STORM! FASTEN SAFETY BELTS!









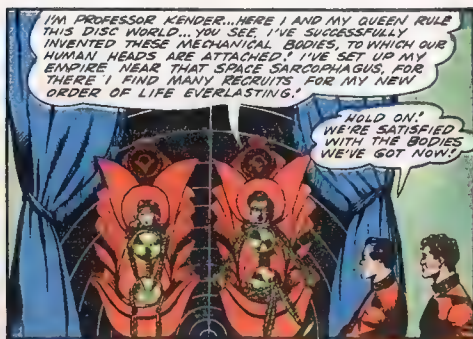
GREETINGS, FRIENDS!
YOU ARE ABOUT
TO ENTER INTO
ETERNAL
LIFE!

COME AGAIN!
WHAT ARE
YOU? AND
WHO ARE YOU?



NO MATTER! AFTER YOUR
HEADS ARE TRANSFERRED,
YOU WILL THANK ME!
WATCH, HERE IS OUR
LATEST CAPTIVE!

LET ME
GO!



I'M PROFESSOR KENDER...HERE I AND MY QUEEN RULE
THIS DISC WORLD... YOU SEE, I'VE SUCCESSFULLY
INVENTED THESE MECHANICAL BODIES, TO WHICH OUR
HUMAN HEADS ARE ATTACHED. I'VE SET UP MY
EMPIRE NEAR THAT SPACE SARCOPHAGUS, FOR
THERE I FIND MANY RECRUITS FOR MY NEW
ORDER OF LIFE EVERLASTING.

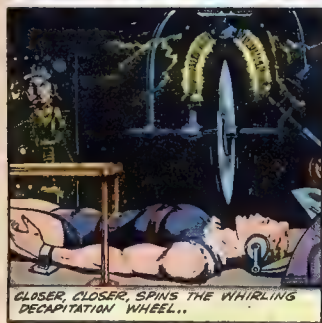
HOLD ON!
WE'RE SATISFIED
WITH THE BODIES
WE'VE GOT NOW!



STOP! STOP! THAT MAN..
IT'S GORDON! I'VE
FOUND HIM!



BUT FLINT AND REEF ARE KEPT
UNDER WATCHFUL GUARD AS
THE GRISLY OPERATION BEGINS.



CLOSER, CLOSER, SPINS THE WHIRLING
DECAPITATION WHEEL..

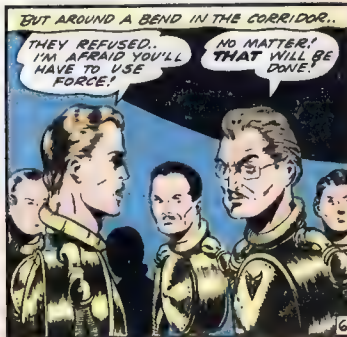
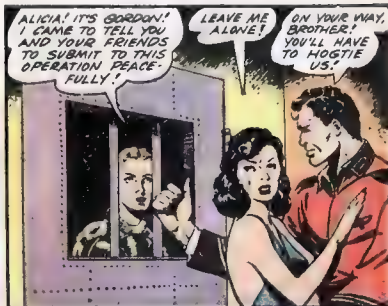


THEN..

THE
MANIACS!

GORDON'S HEAD!.. IT'S
ATTACHED TO ONE OF
THOSE HORRIBLE DISC
BODIES!

THESE
BOYS AREN'T
FOOLING!







THIS WAY!
THESE
HIDDEN
STAIRS!

LEAD ON, SISTER!
YOU'RE CARRY-
ING THE BALL!



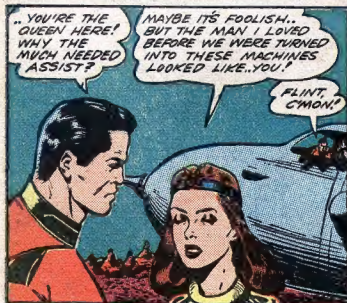
DOWN WEIRD SUBTERRAN-
EAN PASSAGES...



UNTIL..

LOOK, YOUR
SPACE
SHIP!

RIGHT!..
BUT WHY'D
YOU HELP
US?



"YOU'RE THE
QUEEN HERE!
WHY THE
MUCH NEEDED
ASSIST?"

MAYBE IT'S FOOLISH..
BUT THE MAN I LOVED
BEFORE WE WERE TURNED
INTO THESE MACHINES
LOOKED LIKE YOU!

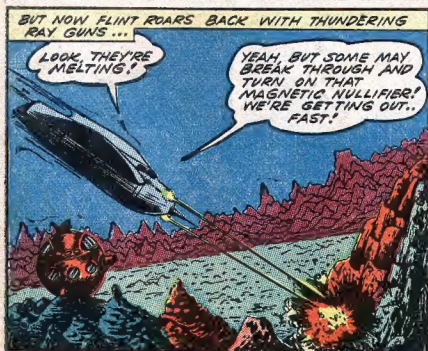
FLINT,
C'MON!



THEN..

TOO LATE,
THEY'RE
ESCAPING!

QUICK, OUR
SPACE SHIP! WE
CAN NULLIFY
THEIR ROTORS!



BUT NOW FLINT ROARS BACK WITH THUNDERING
RAY GUNS...

LOOK, THEY'RE
MELTING!

YEAH, BUT SOME MAY
BREAK THROUGH AND
TURN ON THAT
MAGNETIC NULLIFIER!
WE'RE SETTING OUT..
FAST!



LATER..

SAFE NOW,
WE'RE OUT
OF THEIR
RANGE!

YES!REE, THANKS TO
FLINT, THE LADY
KILLER! THAT GAL..

STOP TEASING,
REE! FLINT'S
JUST GOT HIM-
SELF A NEW
GIRL FRIEND!

THE SPACE RANGERS FOLLOW THE
TRAIL OF AN UNSEEN MONSTER
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...
PLANET COMICS!

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I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50 -a Free Book started me toward this **GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO**

*Here's
How it
Happened*

by S. E. NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST



"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I read about Radio opportunities and enrolled with the National Radio Institute."



"I was soon earning \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time fixing Radios. This paid for the National Radio Institute Course and led to work paying for my college education."



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"Later the N. R. I. Graduate Service Department sent me to Station KWCE as a Radio Operator. Now I am Radio Engineer of Station WSUI and connected with Television Station W9KK."



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Find out today how I Train You at Home to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 28 Years

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy war-time field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

More Radio Technicians and Operators Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

There's a big shortage today of capable Radio Technicians and Operators. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal

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The day you enroll for my Course I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn extra money fixing Radios. Many make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN Radio fundamentals from

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National Radio Institute, Washington 8, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

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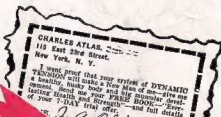
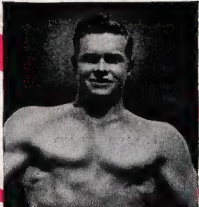
The Beginners' Way to Good Pay in Radio

HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN

Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

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